

Mr. T. Roosevelt—Please Write



Photograph from
H. E. Zimmerman.



Photograph from
E. R. Vilce.



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Pennsylvania boasts Mr. and
Mrs. S. W. Evans and family.



The ministry
claims Mr. J. H. Chap-
ple, who has a large family.



Photograph from H. E. Zimmerman.

A market-gardener of Chi-
cago sends us this stairway.



Photograph from Todd Carson.



Photograph from E. R. Vilce.

Mr. and Mrs. George Erdman, sur-
rounded by reasons for happiness.

YOU must set the Big Ben very early if you are to get ahead of Mr. Roosevelt.

Fifteen years ago he was preaching "larger families." Why? Ah, it was all part of his policy of preparedness. The more children, the more soldiers.

Well, here's the result of all his talk. The first picture, which looks like a school at recess time, is in fact the family of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kreuse.

Mr. Kreuse is forty-eight; the eldest of his children is twenty-five, the youngest four.

MR. and Mrs. J. I. Reese of Butler, Pennsylvania, conduct an old-fashioned country store, and all their thirteen children work as clerks.

This is not only an economical system, but an efficient one. The children come

in convenient heights. The tall ones are good for handing down the calico from the high shelves, while the medium-sized ones are useful in reaching the canned goods, and the ones nearest the floor are experts on unrolling carpets and rugs.

PENNSYLVANIA seems to be the banner State for big families. Here is Mr. S. W. Evans and his contribution to the progress and greatness of Wilmore.

Senator Penrose is said to be worried lest the Reeses and Evanses should get together and throw the State to the Democrats.

ENVIOUS Westerners claim that the Pilgrim Fathers never would have landed in Massachusetts if they had not been so seasick.

But the Bay State is a pretty good

place to live in, spite of its fifty-seven brands of weather. In witness of which we present Mr. and Mrs. Sylvio Lemieux and their flourishing family, of Fall River, Massachusetts.

THE father of the flourishing start of a family arranged like a stairway owns a sixteen-acre plot of ground in the suburbs of Chicago; but this is the crop he is proudest of.

Each of the ten has a nickname: "Kid," "Buster," "Curley," "Sweetheart," "Dutch," "Angel," "Blackie," "Whitehead," etc. The mother confesses some difficulty in recalling all twenty names.

TWO children are missing from this picture of the Rev. J. H. Chapple's family.

The family lives in Berkeley, California, and on \$1.25 a day for food.

This is their regular schedule: porridge with milk, 25 cents; potatoes, 10 cents; meat or fruit, 30 cents; rice and milk, 20 cents; bread, 10 cents; jam, 20 cents; milk, 10 cents.

Mrs. Chapple keeps the clothes account small also, and claims that a big family can be happy and well on what the average wealthy woman wastes on cosmetics.

AND score a final one for Pennsylvania. Here are Mr. and Mrs. George Erdman and their children, of Millersburg.

None of the parents of these families are very wealthy; yet all the children have enough to eat and wear and are growing up to useful citizenship.

Which is most valuable to his country—one of these fathers, or the man who makes a million and whose son is a fool?